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SELECT TALES.

POOR ROSALIE.

BY MRS. OPIE.

[The following pages record a remarkable circumstance which occurred a few years ago in some part of France; but, as I made no memorandum of it at the time, I have forgotten the *when* and the *where*; nor can I recollect the names of the persons concerned. All I can vouch for is, that the *outline* of the story, and the leading events, are perfectly true.]

(Concluded.)

The next morning, as Rosalie was working at her needle, and deeply ruminating on the trying duty which awaited her, while, as I noticed before, the heat of fever, now aided by emotion and anxiety, had restored to her much of her former beauty, by flushing her usually pale cheek with the most brilliant crimson, she heard a manly voice, in the next garden, singing a song which reminded her of her native village, and of her mother—for it was one which she used to sing; nor could she help going to the window to look at the singer. She saw it was a carpenter, who was mending some pales; and she was listening to him with melancholy, but pleased attention, when the man looked up, and, seeing her, started, broke off his song immediately, and stood gazing on her with an earnest, perturbed, and, as she thought, sarcastic expression; which was so disagreeable to her, that she left the window, and the man sung no more. The next day Rosalie saw him come to his work again, but she withdrew immediately, because he looked at her with the same annoying and unaccountable expression as on the preceding day. The following afternoon, when, as she knew, a fair was held in the village, she saw the man appear with his cheek flushed, and his gait unsteady, from evident intoxication. He was dressed in his holiday clothes, had some tools in a bag hanging on his arm, and was gathering up some others which he had left on the grass; and thence Rosalie concluded he was not coming to work there any more. As he had not yet observed her, she continued to observe him; when suddenly he lifted up his head, and, as his eyes met hers, he exclaimed, in a feminine voice, as if mimicking some one, "Oh, the pretty arm!—Oh, the pretty arm!" and then ran out of the garden. At first, Rosalie stood motionless and bewildered; but, the next moment, conviction of a most important truth flashed upon her mind. She well remembered when, elated by vanity, she had uttered these memorable words. It was when she believed herself alone, and on the night of the murder! But they had been overheard! He, therefore, who had just repeated must have overheard them—must have been concealed in the room in which she had spoken them, and must consequently have seen her, himself unseen. Then, no doubt, she had beheld, in the man who had just quitted the garden, the murderer of her benefactress! Never was there a more clear and logical deduction, and, in Rosalie's mind, it amounted to positive conviction; but was it sufficient to convince others? There was the difficulty; but Rosalie saw it not. And, in a transport of devout thankfulness, she fell on her knees, exclaiming that the hand of the Lord had led her thither, that she might avenge her murdered friend, and clear herself. But how should she proceed? It was evident that the man was going away from that spot. What should she do?—and Madelon was not at home to advise her. No time was to be lost; therefore, throwing a veil over her head, she hastened to the house of the chief of the municipality, which was on the road to the town mentioned before. Fearfully did she go, as she ran a risk of meeting the ruffian by the way, and she thought he might suspect her errand. But she reached the house unseen by him, and requested an immediate audience. It was not till she had sent in her message, and was told the magistrate would see her in a few minutes, that she recollects in what a contemptible light, as the utterer of such weak self-admiration, she was going to appear; but she owned it was a humiliation which she had well deserved, and she must not shrink from it. When she was summoned into the presence of the magistrate, she was so over-

come that she could not speak, but burst into tears. "What is the matter, my poor girl," said he; "and who are you? Come, come, I have no time to throw away on fine feelings; your business, your business!"

Rosalie crossed herself devoutly, struggled with her emotion, and then, though with great effort, asked him if he recollects to have heard of the murder of an old lady, in such a village, and at such a time.

"To be sure I do," said he; and a young girl, who lived with her, was tried for the murder."

"Yes—and acquitted?"

"True; but I thought very wrongfully, for I believe that Rosalie, something or other, was guilty."

Again the poor Rosalie crossed herself; then, raising her meek eyes to his, she said in a firm voice, "She was innocent, Sir; I am Rosalie Mirbel."

"Thou then looks indeed deceitful," replied the magistrate, fixing his eyes intently and severely upon her.

"Not so, if I look innocent," she answered.

"But what can be thy business with me, young woman?"

"I am sure I have discovered the *real* murderer; and I come to require that you take him into custody on my charge."

"He! what! oh, he is thy accomplice, I suppose, and you have quarrelled; so thou art going to turn informer—is that the case?" "Indeed, sir, I am innocent."

"Girl! girl! dost thou expect me to believe this?—What is he?"

"A carpenter."

"What is his name?"

"I do not know."

"And where is he?"

"In the neighborhood."

"But where could I find him?"

"I do not know."

"Then how could I take him up?—and on what ground? On mere suspicion? On what dost thou rest thy charge? But thou art making game of me. Away with thee, girl!"

"Not till you have heard me." Then, rendered fluent by a feeling akin to despair, she told what even to herself began to seem her improbable tale. Though Rosalie expected to feel considerable mortification while relating her own weakness, the effect on the magistrate was such as to overwhelm her with shame; for, repeating over and over again, "Oh, the pretty arm!—Oh, the pretty arm!" he gave way to the most immoderate laughter; but, when he recovered himself, he asked Rosalie, in the sternest voice and manner, how she could dare expect that, on such trumpery evidence as this is, he should take up any man, and on such an awful charge as the one which she presumed to bring; and against a man, too, of whom she knew neither the name nor the abode. Rosalie now, for the first time, seeing how slight to any one but herself, the proof of the man's guilt must be, sunk back upon a seat in an agony of unexpected disappointment and despair.

"And you do not believe me?—and you will not take him up?" she exclaimed, wringing her hands. "Certainly not. Recollect thyself! What! is a man's telling a young girl she has a pretty arm a proof that he has committed a murder?" "But you know that is not all."

"No; but even supposing some one was concealed in the room, and heard thy self-praise—heard thee"—here he laughed again in so provoking a manner that Rosalie exclaimed, "Do not laugh—I cannot bear it!—You will drive me out of my senses!"

"Well, well, I will not. But suppose that this man did knowingly repeat thy own words to thee, does it follow that he must himself have heard thee utter them? Some other person might have heard thee, and repeated them to him, and he, recognizing thee—"

"But I never saw him in my life till now."

"Indeed!—recollect thyself! He must have known thee, personally at least; that thou canst not deny."

"Certainly not; and he saw and heard me, also, that fatal night; and I tell you again he is the murderer!"

"But listen, young woman; art thou prepared to assert that on that night, and that night only, thou wast

ever betrayed into praising thy own beauties?"

"I am—it was the first and only time."

"And thou expectest me to believe this?"

"I do."

"Why, girl, it is most unnatural and improbable!"

"But it is *true*; and even then I was only repeating the praises I had overheard."

"Well, then, art thou desirous of making thyself out to be a paragon of perfection?—and that will not help thy suit at all, I can assure thee. Besides, in this case the poor man might only be expressing his own admiration of thy arm as seen at the window."

"Impossible! In the first place, he did not see it, and, if he had, it has lost the little beauty it once possessed. See!" she cried, baring her now meagre arm, "Is this an arm to be praised? It tells the tale of my misery, Sir; and, if you refuse to grant me this only chance of clearing my reputation and avenging the death of my benefactress, that misery will probably destroy me!"

"Young woman," he replied in a gentler tone, "I see thou art unwell and unhappy, and I would oblige thee if I could do so conscientiously; but recollect, the charge is one affecting life!"

"So was the charge against me; but, being innocent, I was acquitted; and, if I cannot establish my charge against him, so must *he* be!"

"But then a stain will rest on the poor man's character."

"So it does on the poor girl's, as I know from fatal experience," replied Rosalie, in the voice of broken-heartedness. "Oh, Sir! had you seen this man, and heard him, as I did, mimicking both the voice and manner of a girl, after having looked at me with an expression so strange, so peculiar, and so sarcastic, you could not have doubted the truth of what I say."

"I now do not doubt that thou art sure of his guilt, yet that is not ground sufficient for me to bring him to trial."

"But cannot he be confronted with me?"

"Surely—" here Rosalie started and uttered a faint shriek, for she heard the well-remembered song; and, trembling in every limb, she drew near to the magistrate as if for protection, exclaiming, "There he is! Oh, seize him!—seize him!"

"Where, where?" cried he, running to the window. Instantly Rosalie, doubling her veil over her face, pointed him out, as he staggered along the road to the town.

"What! that man with the scarlet handkerchief tied round his hat?"

"Yes; that is he."

He instantly called in one of his servants, and asked him if should know that man again, pointing to him as he spoke.

"Know him again, Sir?—I know him already!" replied the servant. "His name is Caumont, and he is the carpenter whom I employed to mend our window-shutters."

"And what sort of a man is he?"

"A very queer one, I doubt. He never stays long in a place, I hear—and is much given to drinking; but he is a good workman, and is now on his way to do a job in the town to which I have recommended him."

"So, so," said the magistrate thoughtfully (while Rosalie hung upon his words and looks); "A queer man!—does not stay long in a place!—given to drinking! You may go now, Francois; but do not be out of the way."

The magistrate then examined and cross-examined Rosalie for a considerable time in the strictest manner; and he also dwelt much on the improbability that this man, if conscious of being the murderer, should have dared to repeat to Rosalie words which must, without difficulty, lead to his conviction."

"Without difficulty!" said Rosalie, turning on him a meaning, though modest glance; "Have I found no difficulty in making these words convict him?"

"Well put, young woman," replied the magistrate smiling; "perhaps the man confided in the caution and conscientious scruples of a magistrate; but, what is more likely to be the real state of the case, guilty or

not guilty, the fellow was intoxicated, and cared not what he said or did; and, at all events, I now feel authorized to apprehend him."

Immediately, therefore, he sent his officers to seize Caumont, and his servant to identify him; while Rosalie, agitated but thankful, remained at the house of the magistrate.

The officers reached the guinguette, or public-house, at which Caumont had been drinking, just as he was waking from a deep sleep, the consequence of intemperance; and was, happily for Rosalie, experiencing the depression consequent on exhaustion. The moment that he saw them enter he changed color; and, subdued in spirit, and thrown entirely off his guard, he exclaimed in a faltering voice, "I know what you come for, and I have done for myself! But I am weary of life;" then, without any resistance, he accompanied the officers, who, very properly, took down his words. When he was confronted with Rosalie, she looked like the guilty, and he like the innocent person, so terribly was she affected at seeing one who was, she believed, the murderer of her friend.

Her testimony, but more especially his own words, were deemed sufficient for his commitment; and the unhappy man, who now preserved a sullen silence, was carried to prison to take his trial the ensuing week. The heir of the old lady was then written to, and the usual preparations were made. Caumont was, meanwhile, visited in prison by the priest; and Rosalie passed the intervening time in a state of agitating suspense. At length the day of trial arrived, and the accuser and the accused appeared before their judges. With what different feelings did Rosalie enter a court of justice now, from those which she experienced on a former occasion! Then she was alone, now she was accompanied by the generous, confiding Madelon; now she was the accuser, not the accused; and her mild eye was raised up to heaven, swelling with tears of thankfulness.

The proceedings had not been long begun, when Caumont begged to be heard. He began by assuring the court that he came thither resolved to speak the whole truth; and he confessed, without further interrogatory, that he, and he alone planned, and he alone committed the murder in question. At these words, a murmur of satisfaction went round the court; and every eye was turned on Rosalie, who, unable to support herself, threw herself on the neck of the exulting Madelon. Caumont then gave the following detail:—He said that, as he passed through the village, he had heard at a public-house that the old lady was miserably and rich; that, having lost his last penny at a gaming-table, he resolved to rob the house when he heard how ill it was guarded, but had no intention to commit murder unless it was necessary; that he stole in in the dark hour, when the old lady was gone to bed, and had hidden himself in the light closet in the sitting-room before Rosalie returned; that from the window of that closet he had seen and heard Rosalie; that he was surprised and vexed to find she slept in the room of the old lady, as it would, he feared, oblige him to commit two murders, and kill Rosalie first; but that, when he drew near her bed, she looked so pretty and so innocent, and he had heard she was so good, that his heart failed him; besides, she was in such a sound sleep, there seemed no necessity for murdering her, nor would he have killed the old lady if she had not stirred, as if waking, just as he approached her; that he took Rosalie's apron to throw over her face in order to stifle her breath, and then strangled her with her own handkerchief. He then took her pocket-book, searched the plate closet, carried away some pieces of plate, and buried them a few miles off, and had only dared to sell them one piece at a time; that he had never ventured to offer the draft at the banker's—that he had, therefore, gained very little to repay him for the destruction of his peace, and for risking his precious soul—and that, unable to stay long in a place, he had wandered about ever since, getting work where he could; but that Providence had his eye upon him, and had brought him and the young girl, who had, he knew, been tried for his crime, thus strangely and unexpectedly together at this far distant place, and where he seemed to run no risk of detection; that then the evil one, intending to destroy him, had prompted him to utter those words, which had been the means of his arrest, and would be of his punishment. "But," said he, addressing Rosalie, "it is rather hard that you should be the means of my losing my life, as I spared yours. I might have murdered you, but I had not the heart to do it, and you have brought me to the scaffold!"

This was an appeal which went to the heart of Rosalie. In vain did the judges assure her she had only done her duty; she shuddered at the idea of having shortened the life of a fellow-creature, and one so unfit to appear before that awful tribunal from whose sentence there is no appeal; and "Have mercy on him!—don't condemn him to death!" burst from her quivering lips. No wonder, therefore, that, before sentence was pronounced, Rosalie was carried from the court in a state of insensibility. Caumont bore his fate with firmness, met death with every sign of penitence and remorse, and was engaged in prayer with the priest till the awful axe of the guillotine descended.

It was a great comfort to Rosalie to learn from the priest that Caumont desired the young girl might be told that he forgave her. Rosalie spent the greater part of the day of his execution at the foot of the cross, and she caused masses to be said for his soul.

The next day all ranks and conditions of persons in the village thronged the door of Madelon, to congratulate Rosalie. On principle, and from delicacy of feeling, she had avoided making many acquaintances; but her gentleness and her active benevolence had interested many hearts in her favor; while her apparent melancholy and declining health inspired affectionate pity, even when the cause was unknown. But now that she turned out to be the victim of unjust accusation, and of another's guilt, she became a sort of idol for the enthusiastic of both sexes; and the landlord of Madelon, ashamed of his unjust severity, was desirous to give a fete on the occasion, as some reparation for his past conduct.

But Rosalie would neither show herself abroad, nor would she partake in or countenance any rejoicings. She saw nothing to rejoice in in the death of a sinful fellow-creature, however just might be his punishment; and her feeling of deep thankfulness for being restored to an unblemished reputation, was a little damped by the consciousness that it was purchased at an awful price. It appeared to her, therefore, little short of profanation to commemorate it otherwise than by prayer and thanksgiving, breathed at the foot of the altar. Besides, her satisfaction could not be complete till her father knew what had passed; and, as she had not heard of him for more than a year, and that only from a person who saw him as he passed his house, there was an uncertainty respecting him which proved a counterbalance to her joy. "But I will write to him," said she to Madelon, "and show him that he can doubt my innocence no longer. Yet, oh! there's the pang that has been wearing away my life—that of knowing that my father could ever have believed me guilty!"

"Shame on him for it!" cried Madelon, "he does not deserve thee, darling!"

"Hush!" cried Rosalie, "remember he is my father; and I will write this moment."

Just as she was beginning, some one knocked at the cottage-door, and Madelon came up with a letter in her hand for Rosalie. It was from her father!—and the first words that met her eyes were, "My dearest, much-injured, and innocent child!"

"Oh!" said Rosalie faintly, "as he calls me innocent, no doubt he has heard of the trial, and—but no!" she added, her eyes sparkling with joy, "no!—this letter is dated days before even the arrest of Caumont could have been known to him!"

"To be sure," said Madelon, "the bearer said he was to have delivered it ten days ago, but had been ill!"

"Oh, merciful providence!—Oh, blessed virgin!" cried Rosalie: "how has my trust in divine goodness been rewarded! Now is the rankling wound in my heart healed, and for ever! My father was convinced of my innocence before the confession of Caumont!—Madelon, that I shall now soon recover, I doubt not. But what is this?" she cried, reading on: "My wife is dead, and on her death-bed she confessed that she had first intercepted and destroyed my answers to thy letters, and then had suppressed thy letters themselves; so I was led to believe thou hadst forgotten thy father and thy home. I knew thou wast alive, as one of our villagers had seen thee several times during the last five years; but judge how pleased, though shocked, I was, when she gave me one of the intercepted letters, and I read there the fond and filial heart of my calumniated child! Long had I repented of having seemed to think thee guilty, for, indeed, it was always seeming. Come, come directly to my arms and home! Thy brothers and sisters are prepared to love thee; and, if our neighbors still look cold on thee, no matter, we shall be sufficient to each other. If thou dost not come directly, I shall set off in search of thee."

Rosalie could not read this welcome letter through without being blinded by tears of thankfulness for this proof of a father's love; nor could her joy be damped by the knowledge that her constant enemy, her stepmother, was no more. She rejoiced to hear that she died penitent, and heartily, indeed, did she forgive her.

"Well, then," said Rosalie, "now I shall return to my native village, and so happy! And who knows but that my dear father will be here to-day, or to-morrow, as he said he should come for me if I did not set off directly? Then what a happy journey I shall have, and now such a happy home!—and how ashamed all those will be who judged me so cruelly!—Auguste St. Beuve, and every one! Madelon, dear Madelon! is not this a blessed day?"

Madelon replied not—she only sat leaning her head on her hands. At last she faltered out, "It may be a blessed day to thee, yet it ought not to be so, Rosalie, as it has broken my heart! Thy home may be a happy one, but what will mine be? Unkind girl!—to be so very glad at leaving one who loved and cherished thee, and believed thee innocent even when thy own father

—"

"Madelon, my own dear friend, my mother!" exclaimed Rosalie, throwing herself on her neck: "Indeed,

I have no idea of home unconnected with thee: my home will not be complete unless it is thine also—and thou must go with me!"

"What! and leave my dead Rosalie?"

"To be sure; I know thou wast willing to leave her to go with me a very few days ago, Madelon."

"Yes, darling; but then thou wast friendless and unhappy; but now —"

"I shall be unhappy still, if she who would so kindly have shared my adversity does not share in my prosperity. Yes, yes, thou must go with me; and we will come, from time-to-time, to visit thy Rosalie's grave."

"But if thy father will not let me live with you?"

"Then we will live in a cottage near him."

"Enough!" cried Madelon, "I believe thee, and wonder I could for a moment distrust thee, darling!"

Rosalie was right. Her father, alarmed at her silence, did come that evening, and their meeting was indeed a happy one. Though satisfied of her innocence himself, even before the trial, he was glad that every one else should be equally convinced; and he took care that the papers which contained the proceedings should be widely circulated.

The generous heir of the old lady was not wanting in proper feeling on this occasion, and he insisted on giving Rosalie a considerable present in money, not for having been the means of bringing the culprit to justice—as in that she only did her duty—but as some amends for all the unmerited suffering she had undergone. The day of Rosalie's return to her home, accompanied by her father and her maternal friend, whom the former had warmly invited to live with them, was indeed a day of rejoicing.

Their friends and neighbors—nay, the whole village, came out to meet them. Amongst the rest, Rosalie observed Auguste St. Beuve; but she eagerly turned away from him to greet that young man who, believing her innocent, as he candidly weighed her previous character against every suspicious circumstance, had, though a stranger, visited her in prison. This young man had suddenly followed to America, unknown to his friends, a young woman whom he had long loved. He had married and buried her there; and, on his return to his native village, he had entirely exculpated himself from the calumnious charge against him, and had thereby rendered some service to Rosalie.

But the pleasure of welcoming home again the patient sufferer under unmerited obloquy was considerably damped by the alarming change in her appearance. She had now, however, the best of all restoratives in a quiet mind; and, at length, her sense of happiness, and of having "fought good fight," restored her to health.

While the pious and grateful girl, never forgetting the mercy which had been vouchsafed to her in the day of her distress, was daily repeating those words of the patriarch, that had so often shed peace upon her soul:—"Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him!"

How to Please.—If you wish to please in this world, you should muster resolution sufficient to allow yourself to be taught many things which you know, by persons who know nothing about them.

True Gentleness.—True gentleness is founded on a sense of what we owe to him who made us, and to the common nature of which we all share.—*Blair.*

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

LETTERS ON BOTANY. No. 2.

BY ALEXANDER GORDON,

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Rochester Nursery, Feb. 4, 1833.

To the Editor of the Literary Inquirer.

The year 1731 gave to the world the beautiful, artificial system of *Linnæus*, which he founded on the variations of the sexual organs. The method adopted by this illustrious naturalist has enjoyed a degree of celebrity that has rarely fallen to the best of human contrivances, and which it has justly merited on account of its clearness and simplicity. Until a very recent period this system of botanical arrangement has been considered superior to every other, and as it will undoubtedly continue to hold a high position in the science of botany, I shall briefly describe the principles upon which it is based.

These principles are founded upon and defined by the sexes of plants, which are those parts of the vegetable structure essential to a reproduction of the species, by which parts he has been enabled to establish laws of generic and specific distinction, and rules of legitimate definition. The whole vegetable kingdom he has thus arranged into twenty-four *classes*, or primary distinctions which are peculiar to each. These classes are subdivided into *orders*, by more minute distinctions, and further into *genera*, *species*, and *varieties*, when each receives a distinctive appellation, and is registered accordingly. What constitutes a *class* is some character which is common to many plants; an *order* is distinguished by having some character limited to a portion of the class; a still more restricted coincidence constitutes a *genus*; and a still more limited characteristic forms a *species*.

Linnæus founded his system upon the supposition that all plants are furnished with flowers, either conspicuous or inconspicuous. Those with conspicuous flowers are arranged according to the situation of the flower or plant, or other connected circumstances that immediately apply to the plant itself. He has divided the vegetable kingdom into two grand divisions. The FIRST GRAND DIVISION comprises twenty-three classes of the Linnean arrangement, or plants with conspicuous flowers. The SECOND GRAND DIVISION, the twenty-fourth class, embraces all plants whose reproductive organs are scarcely visible.

The first ten classes are distinguished by the number of *stamens*. These stamens are considered the fecundating apparatus of plants, and consist of a bundle of spiral vessels, surrounded by a cellular tissue called the *filament*. The number of these stamens distinguish the classes as follows:

Class.	Name.	No. of Stamens.	No. of Orders.
1	Monandria	1	2
2	Diandria	2	3
3	Triandria	3	3
4	Fetrandria	4	3
5	Pentrandria	5	6
6	Hexandria	6	4
7	Heptandria	7	4
8	Octandria	8	4
9	Enneandria	9	3
10	Dicandria	10	5

Cl. Name, No. of Stamens, Orders, &c

11 Dodecandria, has 12 stamens and 6 orders.

12 Icosandria, has 20 or more stamens and 3 orders, but in this class the *insertion* of the stamens forms the distinctive characteristic, as they are always attached to the *calyx*, or *cup*, which is that leaf, or those leaves, by which the flower is usually enclosed when in a bud, and which, when the flower is expanded, appear under it.

- Cl. Name, No. of Stamens, Orders, &c.
- 13 Polyandria, has no definite number of stamens (they are frequently above 20) and 5 orders. The *insertion* here is also the criterion that decides, differing from the last class by the stamens *not* being inserted in the calyx.
- 14 Didynamia, has 4 stamens (two long and two short) and 2 orders.
- 15 Tetrodynamia, has 6 stamens (four long and two short) and 2 orders.
- 16 Monadelphia, has 7 orders, and is distinctly characterized by the filaments, or thread of the stamen, being united together throughout the whole, or a part of their length.
- 17 Diadelphia, has 4 orders, and the stamens are united in two separate parcels.
- 18 Polyadelphia, has the stamens united in several parcels, and 4 orders.
- 19 Syngenesia, is distinguished by 5 stamens with the *anthers* (that part of the stamen which terminates the filament and contains the *pollen*, or fructifying meal) united by the edges, and has 5 orders.
- 20 Gynandria, has the stamens attached to and standing upon the *pistil* (or female reproductive organ) and has 3 orders.
- 21 Monocia, has the male and female organs (stamens and pistils) in distinct flowers, but upon the same plant, and has 8 orders.
- 22 Diacia, has the male and female flowers upon different plants, and has 14 orders.
- 23 Polygamia, has the flowers either male, female, or hermaphrodite, upon the same or different plants, and has 2 orders.

Which concludes the FIRST GRAND DIVISION, and brings us to

- 24 Which class, or SECOND GRAND DIVISION, differs most essentially from all the preceding, in the peculiar conformation of the organs of reproduction, for here the sexual organs are hidden; either imperfect, or not existing; has 11 orders.

These twenty-four classes embrace every known vegetable, from the sturdy oak or the lofty pine to the most diminutive moss or lichen; and in order to class any plant according to the Linnean system, it is only necessary to possess a specimen of it in flower, and to be able to know its different parts by the names given them according to botanical authorities. The principal parts are the *calyx*, or *cup*, as before described; the *corolla*, or colored leaf or leaves of a flower; the *stamen*, with its attendant parts, the *filament*, *anther*, and *pollen*; the *pistil*, which is a threadlike substance in the center of the flower, and is the female reproductive organ. This consists of three parts, which are the *germ*, or rudiments of fruit or seed, the *style*, and the *stigma*, or summit, which crowns the style, and is destined to receive the fructifying pollen. By the stamens the class to which it belongs will be ascertained, and by the pistils its respective order can easily be distinguished. Of course a manual of botany will be absolutely necessary for classing the plant under inspection, placing it in the proper order, and deciding to what genus it belongs.

It will be easily observed that the names of the classes are, as far as practicable, expressive of some common character belonging to all the plants which compose them. The orders are named upon the same principle, and, like the classes, each name consists only of one word compounded from the Greek. In deciding on the names of genera, the Greek and Latin are exclusively admitted by modern botanists, all others being esteemed barbarous; so that, by this means, a plant has one and the same name in every part of the world, whatever may be the language of the respective countries. Specific names are generally guided by the same principles as regulate the naming of the genera, only it is worthy of remark, that generic names are al-

most invariably derived from the Greek, while the specific name is generally taken from the Latin. In the description of plants, language alone may be applied, or language and figures, models, or dried specimens combined. Drying specimens, and forming them into a herbarium, far surpass either drawings or descriptions in giving complete ideas of their appearance; but this is a subject of so much importance to the successful study of botany, that something more than a passing remark on the merits of the system is required, and it will therefore form part of a future communication.

Very respectfully,
ALEXANDER GORDON.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—The communication of "a Subscriber," which we intended to insert in the present number, having been unfortunately mislaid, we are compelled again to postpone its publication.

Our type-founders having omitted to send us any mathematical or other signs, we can not insert "Caro's" communication until we obtain the requisite supply of signs.

"A friend" will find his hints attended to in our next. "D." is under consideration, and "Numericus" will be inserted next week.

DEFINITIONS, APHORISMS, ETC.

FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS.

INGRATITUDE.—Ingratitude is a crime so shameful, that the man was never yet found, who would acknowledge himself guilty of it.

FLATTERY.—The coin that is most current among mankind, is flattery; the only benefit of which is, that by hearing what we are not, we may be instructed what we ought to be.

SLEEP.—The most favorable combination of circumstances for sleep, are moderate fatigue, absence of pain, light, noise, and other circumstances calculated to produce a strong impression upon the nerves, or organs of sense; and, above all, a tranquil state of mind.

VIRTUE AND VICE.—Virtue makes smiles of tears; vice, tears of smiles.

DRAPERY UNFAVORABLE FOR MUSIC.—Drapery never should form part of the furniture of a room intended for music. It destroys reverberation, by absorbing the sound. A writer in the London Quarterly Review affirms, that he sensibly felt a damp cast upon the voice of a singer in a small room, upon the entrance of a tall lady, habited in a long woollen cloak.

PREVENT.—Our translation of the Bible, and also the Book of Common Prayer, are written in a style of pure and noble English; but some words contained in them, have, by the change in the meaning of words since that day, assumed a meaning different from that in which they were then used; and by these, without due caution, the reader may be misled. They are, however, but very few. One of the most remarkable is the word "prevent," which we now use in the sense, "to hinder," but it then signified "to go before;" and so it is to be taken in every case in which it occurs in the Bible or Prayer Book. Thus, in the Collect, taken from the Communion Service, which is usually offered before the sermon, we have, "Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings," a petition which conveyed an idea then very different from the meaning of the word now. A curious instance of the old use of this word occurs in Walton's "Angler," where one of the characters says, "I mean to be up early to-morrow morning, to prevent the sun rising;" that is, to be up before the sun.

RELIGION.—Man, in whatever state he may be considered, as well as in every period and vicissitude of life, experiences in religion an efficacious antidote against the ills which oppress him, a shield that blunts the darts of his enemies, and an asylum into which they can never enter. In every event of fortune it excites in his soul a sublimity of ideas, by pointing out to him the best judge, who, as an attentive spectator of his conflicts, is about to reward him with his immediate approbation. Religion, also, in the darkest tempest, appears to man as the iris of peace, and dissipating the dark and angry storm, restores the wished-for calm, and brings him to the port of safety.

USEFUL EXTRACTS.

HEAT OF THE TROPICS.—The mean temperature of the equatorial zone is as yet very imperfectly determined; but Humboldt thinks it does not exceed 80 degrees of Fahrenheit. The greatest summer heats are found in countries contiguous to the tropics. On the Red Sea, for example, the thermometer is often seen to rise 100 degrees at mid-day, and to remain at 94 degrees during the night. In the production of this extreme heat, astronomical causes combine their influence with the local peculiarities of the circumjacent countries. A few degrees within the tropics, the sun at midsummer continues for a considerable space of time to pass very near the zenith; and the day increasing with the latitude, is longer than under the equator, so that the amount of nocturnal radiation is diminished. Among the local causes which contribute to give an excessive climate to the Arabian peninsula and the tropical countries of Africa, we may reckon the sandy surface, almost entirely deprived of vegetation, the constant dryness of the air, the direction of the winds, and the quantity of heat radiated from earthly particles carried about in the atmosphere.—*For. Quar. Rev.*

CHARACTERISTICS.—Women in their nature are much more gay and joyous than men, whether it be that their blood is more refined, their fibres more delicate, and their animal spirits more light and volatile; or whether, as some have imagined, there may not be a kind of sex in the very soul, I shall not pretend to determine. As vivacity is the gift of women, gravity is that of men. They should each of them, therefore, keep a watch upon the particular bias which nature has fixed in their mind, that it may not draw too much, and lead them out of the paths of reason. This will certainly happen, if the one in every word and action affects the character of being rigid and severe, and the other of being brisk and airy. Men should beware of being captivated by a kind of savage philosophy, women by a thoughtless gallantry. Where these precautions are not observed, the man often degenerates into a cynic, the woman into a coquette; the man grows sullen and morose, the woman impudent and fantastic.

HEALTH.—To preserve the proper strength, both of the body and the mind, labor must be regularly and seasonably mingled with rest; and those only who observe a proper interchange of exercise and rest, can expect to enjoy health of body, or cheerfulness of mind.

GARRICK'S PRECEPTS TO PREACHERS.—The celebrated Garrick having been requested by Dr. Stonehouse to favor him with his opinion as to how a sermon ought to be delivered, the English Roscius sent him the following judicious answer:—“My dear pupil: You know how you would feel and speak in a parlor, concerning a friend who was in imminent danger of his life, and with what energetic pathos of diction and countenance you would enforce the observance of that which you really thought would be for his preservation. You could not think of playing the orator, of studying your emphasis, cadences, and gestures; you would be yourself; and the interesting nature of the subject impressing your heart, would furnish you with the most natural tone of voice, the most proper language, the most engaging features, and the most suitable and graceful gestures. What you would be in the parlor, be in the pulpit; and you will not fail to please, to affect, and to profit.”

USEFUL CAUTION.—Let us avoid being the first in fixing a hard censure. Let it be confirmed by the general voice, before we give in to it. Neither are you then to give sentence like a magistrate, or as if you had special authority to bestow a good or ill name at your discretion. Do not dwell too long upon a weak side; touch and go away. Take pleasure to stay longer where you can command; like bees, that fix only upon those herbs out of which they may extract the juice their honey is composed of. A virtue stuck with bristles is too rough for this age; it must be adorned with flowers, or else it will be unwillingly entertained.

ATTENTION.—It is the power of attention which, in a great measure, distinguishes the wise and great from the vulgar and trifling herd of men. The latter are accustomed to think, or rather dream, without knowing the subject of their thoughts. In these unconnected rovings, they pursue no end; they follow no track. Every thing floats loose and disjointed on the surface of their minds, like leaves scattered and blown about on the face of the waters.

MAXIM.—Whoever feels pain in hearing a good character of his neighbor, will feel a pleasure in the reverse. And those who despair to rise in distinction by their virtues, are happy if others can be depressed to a level with themselves.—*Franklin.*

BOOKS.—It is with books as with women, where a certain plainness of manner and of dress, is more entangling than that glare of paint and airs and apparel, which may dazzle the eye, but reaches not the affections.—*Hume.*

THE HUSBAND.—The fond, protecting love of a devoted husband is like the tall and stately poplar, that bears its graceful foliage beside some happy cot, to which its leafy honors afford reviving shade; while its spreading branches shelter the melodious songsters of the verdant grove, who within its hallowed precincts nurture their callow brood, unmolested by the wanton tyranny of school boy pranks. Oh! 'tis the effulgent Egean shield, which casts far and wide its bright defensive rays around the timid, shrinking form of the best, most tenderly beloved object of his warm heart's pristine love and veneration. The hallowed affection of such a husband, is the far-off goal to which the adoring wife's most ardent wishes fly, borne upon the strong, untiring pinion of woman's faithful and unending love. Cheered by the smile of such a faithful being, the envious summer's parching heat, the ruthless winter's pinching cold, to her impart no pang: they pass unheeded by her well-defended head, light as the fleecy cloud; unregarded as zephyr's balmy breath. Supported by his manly form, what sorrow can assail, what anxious care invade her bosom's calm repose? Serene as the smooth surface of the glassy lake, unruffled by the storm's rude blasts, her peaceful hours speed on pleasure's wing. How beautiful is such a union! How much more rare than beautiful! Oh! 'tis a sight that angels might delight to fix their lingering gaze upon, lost in mute rapture and admiring awe. Mutually giving and receiving strength, the blissful pair tread life's thorny path, on light fantastic toe, gaily tripping on, unmindful of all, of care or woe—his powerful arm each dangerous briar removes; her delicate fingers present to his refreshed senses each beauteous flower that sheds its perfume on their illuminated way.

EXCELLENCE THE REWARD OF LABOR.—Excellence is never granted to men, but as the reward of labor. It argues no small strength of mind to persevere in habits of industry without the pleasure of perceiving those advances, while they hourly make advances to their point, yet proceed so slowly as to escape observation.—*Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

PREJUDICES HARD TO BE REMOVED.—The confirmed prejudices of a thoughtful life, are as hard to change as the confirmed habits of an indolent life; and as some must trifle away age, because they trifled away youth, others must labor on in a maze of error, because they have wandered there too long to find their way out.—*Bolingbroke.*

SCHOLAR.—The life that is devoted to knowledge passes silently away, and is very little diversified by events. To talk in public, to think in solitude, to read and to hear, to inquire and answer inquiries, is the business of a scholar. He wanders about the world without pomp or terror, and is neither known nor valued but by men like himself.

INDIAN COAL.—An examination of several varieties of Indian coal was laid before the Asiatic Society of Calcutta, at their meeting on the 5th of June. The coals of this country differ principally from those of Europe in the quantity of earthenash which they leave behind on burning, and which in the best English pit-coal does not exceed one or two per cent. The Chinese coal contains very little valuable matter, and consequently burns slowly and without flame; it is, therefore, unfit for steam-engines, but it seems well adapted for purposes to which coke would be applied.—*London Spectator.*

MAGNETIC OBSERVATORIES.—At a recent meeting of the Academy of Sciences, Baron de Humboldt communicated the important information, that a magnetic observatory had been founded in the island of Cuba, which, together with that of M. Arago at Paris, that of M. de Humboldt at Berlin, and that which the learned Baron has established at Pekin, extends the means of making diurnal magnetic observations over 193 degrees of longitude. All these observatories are furnished with similar instruments by the same maker.

WIT.—Wit loses its respect with the good, when seen in company with malice; and to smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast, is to become a principal in the business.—*Sheridan.*

THE NIGER.—It appears that the two Landers, after landing at Badagry, on the 22d of March, 1830, proceeded to Boussa; where they remained for three months, and during which time they also visited Yawori. At the end of the three months, the waters being then at their height, they embarked on the river, there called the Quolla; which they descended rapidly, until they reached Funda; which town they ascertained to be situated at least two degrees farther east than the maps exhibit it. Near Eunca, the Quolla or Niger is joined by a large river which is said to come from the lake Tchad—the Libya Palus of ancient geography, concerning which so many conjectures have been indulged, and which had hitherto been looked on as the receptacle of the Niger. Besides this stream, the Tchad is said to send forth others to the eastward—not improbably the Congo, between which and the Quolla, a communication is thus established, though not in the way that Parke supposed. At some distance below Funda, the travelers were chased by a fleet of man-of-war canoes, belonging to the king of the surrounding district; and in attempting to escape from them, their boat was swamped, and the whole of their journals and instruments lost. They were then only ten days' journey from the coast; which they ultimately reached by the Nun river, a few miles east from Cape Formosa. They reached the sea on the thirtieth of November. Their black servant, Antonio, who left them when they reached the coast, after ascending the Nun river, again descended by another branch, which proved to be the New Calabar; thus proving that the hypothesis of Reichard was correct, and that the Benin and New Calabar were in reality mouths of the Niger. The Landers calculate that the length of the Niger from Boussa to the sea is about nine hundred miles; but, from the loss of their instruments, these latter calculations are in a great measure conjectural.—*London Spectator.*

THE MAMMOTH.—In 1799, a Tourgous coasting along the peninsula of Tumut, in Siberia, perceived, in the midst of a block of ice, an enormous mass of something, the nature of which he could not ascertain; he therefore took no further notice. Next year, happening to be at the same place, he observed that some of the ice had thawed away; and at the close of the next summer, the thaw had proceeded so far as to disclose the side of a monstrous animal. At the end of five years from this first observation, the surrounding ice had so far melted, that the animal had tumbled down from the block. It proved to be a mammoth. Its skin was perfect, and was covered with a thick, reddish wool, and black bristles: its flesh was in such preservation, that for two years the arctic bears, wolves, foxes, and dogs, fed on it. How many centuries, or hundreds of centuries, this animal had been incarcerated in its icy prison, is a problem of deep interest.—*Cab. Cyc.*

BONAPARTE'S TOMB.—Visitors to Bonaparte's tomb, at St. Helena, describe the recent planting of a set of young willows around it, cuttings from the parent trees, by the present governor, as the two or three old ones are fast going to decay. Longwood is now a farm-house, and no part but the former billiard room remains inhabitable, the other apartments being converted into stables, granaries, &c. The new Longwood House (an excellent dwelling) has never been occupied, and apparently is fast falling into decay.

IMPORTANT OBSERVATION.—It has been said, and there is a world of homely, aye, and of legislative knowledge in the remark, that wherever you see a flower in a cottage-garden, or a bird-cage at the window, you may feel sure that the cottagers are wiser and better than their neighbors.

SWEARING.—Swearing in conversation indicates a perpetual distrust of a person's own reputation; and is an acknowledgement that he thinks his bare word not worthy of credit.

IMITATION DIFFICULT.—It is easier to admire than to imitate, and there is no error more common, than to imagine that talking of virtue is to practice it.

PROPER USE OF RICHES.—A wise man is like the back or stock of the chimney, and his wealth the fire; he receives not for his own need, but to reflect the heat to other's good.

BUFFALO LYCEUM.

REPORT OF THE FIFTY-NINTH MEETING.

Monday Evening, Jan. 28, 1833.

The Lyceum convened pursuant to adjournment; the proceedings of the last meeting were read and approved; and a Lecture delivered by Mr. C. D. Ferris, on the *Phenomena of Light*.

The committee to which, at the last meeting of the Lyceum, was referred the revision of the constitution, by-laws, &c. made, by their chairman (Mr. Haskins) the following report:—

The committee to whom was referred the revision of the by-laws of the Lyceum, respectfully report, That they have made the most diligent search for the code of by-laws they were appointed to revise, but without success. Whether that code is finally lost, or whether it has only been mislaid, your committee are not advised; but as their appointment did not contemplate the framing of a new code, and as the old one could not be found, your committee's labors have necessarily been confined to the search above-mentioned. In behalf of the committee,

R. W. HASKINS,

Buffalo, Jan. 28, 1833.

Chairman.

On motion of Mr. Isaac Smith, the above committee was discharged from further consideration of the subject.

Mr. T. Burwell, in behalf of the committee appointed at the last meeting to draft and present a memorial on the subject of popular education, &c. having stated that the committee was not prepared to report to this meeting, on motion of Mr. Haskins, further time was granted them for that purpose.

By the politeness of Mr. Ferris, we are enabled to lay before our readers the following extracts from his interesting lecture:—

Experimental Philosophy.—Among the many branches of science, which, in the present enlightened age, are examined with delight and admiration by the learned and the wise, and which are studied with the greatest pleasure and profit by such as have only sufficient leisure to become partially acquainted with those parts of useful knowledge, which are considered necessary in every rank and station of life, stands foremost and preeminent on the list, *Experimental Philosophy*; attracting numbers of every class, from the most talented and ingenious to the most illiterate and uninformed of the human race; all of whom it fascinates by the peculiar beauty of its principles, the singular brilliancy of many of its experiments, the knowledge it gives us of the laws and general operations of nature, and, in a word, the vast fund of information which it imparts to all who examine, with attention, this truly sublime and interesting department of physical science.

Light.—The portion of physics which we have selected as the subject for our consideration this evening, is comprehended in that division of natural philosophy which is technically denominated *Optics*, but which is usually designated by the term *Light*. This appellation is derived from the Saxon “leoh,” and it may be defined to be the sensation excited in the mind on viewing any luminous body, or that property in bodies by which they occasion those sensations in us. It consists of “inconceivably small particles of matter, which are emitted or reflected from every point in a luminous body, in right lines, with unparalleled velocity, and whose power and intensity decrease as the squares of their distances increase.”

Velocity of Light.—The first to discover the velocity of light was a Mr. Roemer, an eminent Danish philosopher, who observed that the visible time of the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites frequently differed from the true time, as taken from the astronomical tables, where the computations were calculated for the distance of the center of the sun, and consequently where the eye of the spectator must be supposed to be placed in viewing the eclipses, occultations, &c. of those bodies. [Here the lecturer illustrated the subject by a series of very beautiful diagrams.]

Materiality of Light.—The materiality of light can not be doubted, because we find it is something which has motion, is propagated in time, and is something which acts on bodies, and produces considerable changes in their properties and appearances; and also, that it is something

which is acted on by other bodies, on their surfaces and in their pores, as in reflection, inflection, and refraction. And it would undoubtedly appear to possess weight, gravity, and all the other properties of common matter, if the smallness of the quantity did not render these qualities entirely imperceptible to us.

Phenomena of Light.—*Reflection* is that affection in a ray of light, by which it is repelled from any surface on which it shall chance to fall. When an elastic ball is thrown violently against the wall, ceiling, or any other solid body, a reaction is the consequence, and the ball is repelled or thrown back: this reaction, when applied to the rays of light, is termed reflection, which is, therefore, the return of a ray of light from the surface of any spectrum or mirror. A ray of light falling on the surface of a mirror in a perpendicular direction, rebounds or is reflected back in the same direct line; but if the ray falls obliquely on its surface, it will be obliquely reflected in a contrary direction. [These and several other properties of this phenomenon were illustrated by appropriate figures.]

Inflection.—Rays of light passing sufficiently near the edge or side of any body, are, by the attraction of that body, diverted more or less from their original direction, and deflected into a curve; the susceptibility of being thus attracted is termed inflection; and it is this affection of light which renders the edges of all bodies so indistinctly defined in their shadows, for those rays which pass indefinitely near the edges of such bodies are in proportion to their distances, inflected, or attracted, and thus drawn from their original courses; those rays which would pass extremely near such bodies, being entirely arrested, fall on that body; those which pass a short distance from the edge are attracted by that body, and being inflected, or curved from their original directions, fall within the true edge of the shadow; those which are farther from the body are less affected, and those which pass at a still greater distance, being beyond the influence of the force, proceed direct; thus the edges of the image, as delineated in the shadow, are rendered extremely indistinct in consequence of this affection of the rays of light.

Refraction.—Any substance through which a ray of light passes, is called a medium; or if it pass through vacuum, still the space so traversed is thus denominated by philosophers. As all bodies possess an attractive force, the effects of which extend beyond their surfaces, it will be readily perceived that when a ray of light passes from one medium to another more dense, and which consequently possesses the attractive power in a greater degree, the ray, just before its entrance into the latter, will be attracted towards it, which attraction will continue to act on it some time after it has entered this denser medium. Therefore, a ray of light entering a medium more dense in a direction perpendicular to its surface, by the influence of this attraction, will acquire a greater and accelerated velocity, but will continue to move in a direct line to the opposite side of the medium. If, on the contrary, a ray enters a denser medium obliquely inclined to the surface, it will not only have its velocity accelerated but its direction changed, which will become less oblique to the surface, describing a curve in the same manner as a projectile obliquely propelled describes a parabola. [These and many other interesting facts were suitably illustrated by the lecturer, who made several important remarks on the refraction of light, on the nature and properties of Color, &c.]

REPORT OF THE SIXTIETH MEETING.

Monday Evening, Feb. 4, 1833.

The Lyceum convened, pursuant to appointment, at seven o'clock, and the proceedings of last meeting having been read and agreed to, a lecture was delivered on *Female Education*, by Mr. Sheldon Smith.

The following memorial was presented by the committee appointed to draft the same; but, after a few remarks had been offered by several members of the Lyceum, on motion of Mr. Tillinghast, its further consideration was postponed until next meeting:—

To the Honorable the Legislature of the State of New-York, the undersigned members of the Buffalo Lyceum, and other citizens of Erie county, respectfully represent—That while the commercial and other interests of our flourishing state have been, for many years, regularly advanced by important and successive improvements in science, and

by a large share of the attention of government; agriculture, as a science, has remained nearly stationary among the great body of those most interested in its improvement. That in this respect the prosperity of our county in particular has suffered, and is still suffering materially, by a large portion of its lands being in possession of people from a foreign country, who know but little of the nature of our soils, and who, for want of that intelligence and spirit of improvement found in other parts of the county and state, obtain very inadequate supplies from the best of soils, and have none of that variety and excellence in their productions for market, obtained in the middle and eastern portions of the state.

Your memorialists also represent, that there is a very inadequate supply of well qualified instructors of common schools in this as well as in other parts of the state; and that, notwithstanding our excellent common school system, and the liberality of government in sustaining it by an ample and prosperous fund, still we are confident that not half the benefit is received by community from these means which might be, by having better qualified teachers, by increasing the number of branches taught in these schools, and especially by better adapting those branches to be taught, to the wants and pursuits of those most interested in common school instruction.

It is probably well known to many of your honorable body, that a large portion of those most deeply interested in common schools, and who depend entirely upon them for the education of their children, are farmers, who are the great depositaries of the wealth and power of the state. It is also well known that most of their instructors are, as they should be, farmers—industrious, honest, and enterprising young men, of liberal minds, and anxious to improve, but many of them with limited attainments, for want of adequate means of instruction.

It is, therefore, respectfully suggested by your memorialists, that to advance the agricultural interests of the state, by improving and extending to every portion thereof the science of farming, and to provide properly educated instructors of common schools, the best means would be afforded, and the object most fully accomplished, by establishing in every county an *Agricultural Institution*, in which instructors of common schools should be qualified for teaching the most essential branches now taught in common schools, in connection with agricultural science, that they might thus be able to inculcate its most essential principles throughout every portion of the state.

With each of these institutions should be connected a good farm, large enough to carry on all the ordinary branches of husbandry, on the usual scale. On this farm the students might labor a portion of each day for the benefit of their health, and thus defray a great portion of their own expenses. Such institutions, instead of being public property, in which case they would be liable to abuse and mismanagement, might be objects worthy of the enterprise of individuals or corporations, and receive no other patronage or attention from government, than an annual appropriation from the common school or other fund of the state, or the power of raising money by tax, to be applied towards defraying the expenses of teaching said school instructors. This appropriation might be withheld whenever a competent board—say the board of supervisors for the county, or a board composed by one of the commissioners of common schools from each town in the county, should think it misapplied. Thus government could not be in the least embarrassed by a failure of the system to accomplish its objects. It is evident to your memorialists, after much examination and reflection, that a system for improving agricultural science in connection with common schools, formed according to the principles now suggested, would be entirely practicable, and productive of great improvement in the moral and intellectual condition, and in the agricultural interests of the state.

We therefore pray that the legislature, during its present session, would pass an act authorizing an appropriation from the common school or other fund of the state, or the levying of a county tax for the objects herein set forth, under such regulations and restrictions as are deemed expedient by that body. Or if it should be thought premature to pass an act at so early a period affecting the whole state, that said act may apply specially to the county of Erie, and for a limited time, that the proposed system may be tested by experiment, and its advantages be realized immediately by this county, where they are specially needed.

EXTRACTS FROM THE LECTURE ON FEMALE EDUCATION.
From the Buffalo Journal.

Knowledge, like fame and morality, is a sort of public property; every individual of the community has an interest in the common stock. And it recognizes no monopolies. Its acquirements are not limited to one sex more than to the other, by any thing that exists in the physical organization of our race, or the relative constitution of society. Whatever, therefore, may be the popular impression upon this subject, I am prepared to affirm and maintain, that the female mind is susceptible of the highest cultivation and improvement; and that a thorough and general education of females, conduces to the happiness and well being of society, and the continued existence of free governments. It is true that the two sexes have their peculiar faculties, powers, and propensities; and these are adapted, more or less, to separate duties and distinct spheres of action, indicated by the unerring hand of nature. In some departments of life, man excels; while in others, equally important, woman excels. And how shall we determine which contributes most to the benefit, improvement, or general happiness of the whole human family? Ambition is the ruling passion of man; it originates in selfishness, but is productive of great good and great evils. On the contrary, the most prominent feature in the female character is charity and benevolence. Woman has always been the soother of woe and the mitigator of human suffering. She has pursued after the track of the spoiler, the sanguinary trail of the conqueror, to bind up the wounds of the vanquished, to console the heart of the widow, and wipe away the tears of the orphan. She has retired from the scenes of gaiety and mirth, to mingle her sympathies with misery and distress; she has sought out and visited the chambers of sickness and despair, to aid in arresting the consuming progress of the raging fever; and with unfaltering nerve, a sleepless eye, and angel's care, she has watched over the ebbs and flows of vitality, until the last flickering gleam of life was extinguished for ever. Can man boast of a virtue like this?

But even this is not the most important field of female usefulness. Woman rocks the cradle of infancy, and watches over the physical and mental developments of childhood and youth. This sacred trust, nature has confided exclusively to her hands. It is here that she has the greatest opportunity of doing good or evil—of moulding the pliant clay of humanity into vessels of honor, or vessels of dishonor—of giving tone, direction, and character to the rising generation, and thereby controlling the destinies of nations. Childhood is an interesting period of human existence; "it is the spring-tide of life;" when the heart, fresh and pure from the Creator's hand, sends forth its vital current, unadulterated by earthly admixture; when the mind is tender and stainless as the smooth canvas, prepared for the pencil's delicate touch. How important, then, that the painter begin the work aright! a blot or stain destroys the picture. The force of early impressions is not fully appreciated; we can not attach to it too much importance. The towering oak in the maturity of its strength, defies the rush of the tempest, and even the lightning's fiercest bolt; yet when its tender shoot first starts from the acorn, it yields to the gentlest impulse; and "as the twig is bent the tree's inclined." So man, with all his boasted faculties—his mental power and energy, is but the creature of education, a bundle of results from trifling causes in the morning of his life.

How fraught then with consequence is the period of childhood, and how important the trust confided to the mother! charged as she is with our physical, moral, and mental existence. The nutriment with which nature supplies her, is not more essential to the growth of infancy, than her lessons of instruction are, to aid the tender and confiding mind of childhood, in its first essays of inquiry and knowledge. How invaluable and lasting are these lessons, when dictated

by wisdom; springing as they do from the purest of all sources, maternal affection! They twine around the heart, and continue to be felt, long after the lips that uttered them have mouldered back and mingled with their original elements. Even in subsequent years, after the hey-day of childhood and youth has passed away; after the ties of nature have been loosened by the engrossing scenes and avocations of life; when the mind is at ease to indulge in repose, reflection, and retrospect; the memory of maternal care and admonition comes like magic over the soul, and thrills the heart and head with all the regenerating efficacy of a voice from heaven. As sings the author of "Better Moments":—

"My mother's voice! how often creeps
Its cadence on my lonely hours!
Like healing sent on wings of sleep,
Or dew to the unconscious flowers.
I can forget her melting prayer
While leaping pulses madly fly,
But in the still unbroken air
Her gentle tones come stealing by."

And may we not ascribe to this source much of that diversity of faculty, propensity, and talent, which characterizes the human family? Surely the human mind has but one common origin; and in infancy there is no observable difference of intellectual power. Why then is it that the mind of one individual is contracted, selfish, steril, and groveling; whilst the mind of another soars away, on the wings of science and philosophy, and seems to claim affinity with deity himself? What is the cause of this difference, and when does it begin to form? Is it not in the outset that the mind takes its course? Is it not in childhood that the mind either receives its withering stint, and continues to linger on in imbecility; or else, on the other hand, receives its noble impulse, and, like a well cultivated and vigorous plant, freshens, expands, and shoots aloft? All experience demonstrates that genius is not hereditary; consequently it must depend on some factitious circumstance, not as yet, perhaps, fully unfolded to human research. The opinion may be bold and hazardous, but I will venture to affirm, that the greatest men who have ever lived, have been indebted more or less to maternal care for their success in the world. The seeds of genius and splendid achievement seem to be sown in the spring time of life; and that, too, by the hand of the mother. It is the soft breathings of maternal affection that sweeten and purify the moral sense, that inspire the young, confiding heart with noble resolve, and direct the ardent eye of youth along the bold and rugged steep, to the temple of fame. I will fortify this opinion by one illustrious example out of many more at command. Napoleon Bonaparte's mother, who is yet living at Rome, is known to be an extraordinary woman. It is related of her, as a historical fact, that anterior to the birth of her remarkable son, she was in the habit of attending her husband in his campaigns; that she rode by his side, and assisted him in his military operations; that she acquired a knowledge of tactics, and a habit of thinking and talking on the art of war. These facts account for the early display of Napoleon's ruling passion, and show that he received from his mother the first impulse of that mighty genius, whose Herculean achievements so astonished the world.

Such is the influence of woman upon the juvenile mind, such her power over the rising generation, when her own mind is enlightened and stored with wisdom and knowledge. While on the contrary, if she be uneducated, and her own mind under the dominion of ignorance and error, her influence is then thrown into the opposite scale, and becomes positively pernicious, absolutely baneful. Instead of the wholesome principles of truth and the rudiments of science, she pours into the credulous ear of childhood and youth, those absurd and fabulous nursery tales which tradition, aided by a vivified taste for the marvelous, has transmitted to us

from the barbarous ages. She infuses into the mind of unsuspecting innocence, a fatal poison, which rankles on, and renders the subject a prey to error, timidity, and prejudice, with their more direful attendants, superstition and bigotry. And here we may discover the origin of those popular delusions, which have produced such havoc in the world.

All impostors, who have attempted to practice on popular ignorance and credulity, have generally assailed woman first, and then the rising generation. *

It is impossible, therefore, for woman to occupy a mere negative state in community. She must assume her portion of responsibility; and while we give her full credit for her virtues, we must hold her accountable for those evils which she is clearly the means of introducing and maintaining in society.

Whilst indulging in accusation, it may be remarked, that the sex have sometimes holden in too high estimation exterior comeliness, without appreciating the more important embellishments of the mind. It must be admitted that beauty is one of the rich bounties of nature, and has its peculiar charms. But it should be considered that genuine beauty does not consist in regularity of form or feature; nor yet in fairness of complexion or artificial ornament; for all these may appear to a marble statue. On the authority of Lord Byron, from whose judgment in this matter there is no appeal, it may be affirmed, that expression is the soul of beauty; consequently, it derives all its attraction from mental refinement. Mere outward comeliness is not entitled to the name of beauty; and even if it were, surely such beauty is of all things the most frail and evanescent. It is tarnished by the softest kiss of the passing breeze; every sun that looks upon it, fades it; it blooms in the morning, and withers at noon. But beauty of the mind fades not away; its lustre increases as time rolls on, and forming for itself a sort of immortality, it lives, and freshens, and shines, and dazzles, when life itself is over. *

In conclusion, I must remark, that my mind has been directed to the important subject under consideration, by reflecting on the present condition of our public affairs. It has appeared to me for some years past that the people of these United States were insensibly losing sight of the pure principles of freedom; that a sort of political degeneracy was gradually taking place; that error and corruption were creeping in on every hand; and that, sooner or later, our free institutions, with all their beauty and blessings, must be undermined and crumble into ruins. Deeply impressed with these apprehensions, I have searched for a remedy. And my own reflections have resulted in a thorough conviction, that as our government rests on popular virtue and intelligence, a more extended, thorough, and liberal system of female education, would furnish the desired preservative.

Let then the female mind be more effectually enlightened; let the daughters of Columbia be conducted into our halls of science and temples of learning; let them be invited to drink with us at the pierian spring of literature, whose limpid and delicious waters, when taken in free and copious draughts, heal and purify the heart, expand and elevate the mind. And let them understand, that although they are excluded from participating, directly, in the administration of public affairs, they have, nevertheless, an equal interest in perpetuating the existence of that government, which has hitherto been the glory of our nation and the hope of the world.

At the Sixty-first Meeting of the Lyceum, held last evening (Feb. 11), the Memorial to the Legislature on the subject of Popular Education, a copy of which will be found in the preceding page, was unanimously approved. A very interesting Lecture, from which we hope in our next number to make a few extracts, was delivered by Rev. G. W. Montgomery, on the *Importance of Scientific Knowledge*.

LITERARY PERIODICALS.

PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY COURIER, the largest Family Newspaper in the United States, at only Two Dollars per annum, payable in advance.

Enlargement and Improvement.—The publishers of the Courier gratefully acknowledge the extensive and unexampled patronage which they have received. Scarcely eighteen months have passed since the commencement of their paper, and the list of subscribers now exceeds 11,000, a fact which sufficiently attests the high standing which the Courier enjoys in public estimation. The plan of the Saturday Courier is so comprehensive as to embrace every variety of topics which can be introduced into a public journal. Literature, Science, the Arts, Foreign and Domestic News, Police Reports, Sporting Intelligence, a Register of passing events, commentaries on new publications, Dramatic Criticisms, and other subjects, receive constant and sedulous attention; and the publishers do not hesitate to assert that in the interest, novelty, appropriateness, diversity and general excellence of its contents, the Courier may fairly claim precedence over any similar publication. The literary department of this paper is supplied by original contributions from the best and most distinguished American writers; and selections carefully and judiciously made from the whole range of English periodical literature. Whatever can be obtained, whether at home or abroad, calculated to amuse, interest, or instruct, provided it be suitable, is procured and published, without reference to expense or trouble. In furnishing news, foreign or domestic, the publishers of the Saturday Courier have very great advantages, and they confidently appeal to the past experience of their patrons to sustain them in saying that they have generally been, in this respect, in advance of their weekly contemporaries.

The Saturday Courier is the largest newspaper, unconnected with politics, published in the United States. It has always been printed on a sheet of greater size, and contained, by actual measurement, a larger amount of reading matter than any other weekly journal of a purely miscellaneous character. Notwithstanding this superiority, the publishers, anxious not merely to merit, but to insure a continuance and extension of their great patronage, determined to increase the size, and otherwise to improve the Courier, so as to make it beyond all question the largest, cheapest, and most desirable weekly paper in this country. For this purpose, on the First of January, 1833, the Saturday Courier was enlarged by the addition of four columns in width, and a proportionate increase in length, so that it contains an amount of matter equal to two hundred pages of a common duodecimo book. This immense sheet is filled with the choicest tales and poetry, miscellaneous essays, extracts from recent popular publications, and all other topics relating to the literature of the times. Besides the strictest regard to the agreeable, due attention is paid to the useful, and all important facts connected with the rise and fall of stocks, the fluctuations of the grain market, &c. are especially and carefully noted.

Various embellishments intended to adorn the Courier and gratify its patrons, are now in preparation, and these will form part of the projected improvements. The price will continue as heretofore, two dollars per annum, but as an extensive list of subscribers and punctual payment are both necessary to secure the publishers against absolute loss, the price of subscription must invariably be paid in advance. This condition will in all cases be insisted upon, and no exception can be made under any circumstances.

All orders for the paper, covering the necessary enclosures, must be addressed to Woodward & Spragg, No. 2, Athenian Buildings, Franklin Place, Philadelphia.

Premiums.—Persons procuring five subscribers to this paper, and forwarding the amount of a year's subscription, ten dollars, will be entitled to a sixth copy gratis.

Persons forwarding ten subscribers, and remitting twenty dollars, will be entitled to an extra copy, and a discount of 10 per cent.

Persons forwarding fifteen subscribers, and thirty dollars, will be entitled to an extra copy of the paper, and a copy of Lord Byron's works, Sir Walter Scott's works, or any other work of a similar character and value, which may be preferred. Uncurrent notes of solvent banks received at par.

RECORD OF GENIUS.—[New Series.] The subscribers will commence the publication of the next volume of the Record of Genius, on or about the first of May next. The ready patronage that has been thus far extended to them, induces them to offer the public a sheet, which, in point of size and execution, will be second to none in the country.

The paper will be devoted to the interests of literature and science, and will be supplied principally with original communications. Their original matter they intend shall be as good as the country can afford; and as their "exchange list" will number most of the principal periodicals of this country, and some of the best of Europe, their selections shall be of the first order.

The Record of Genius will be published at Utica, weekly, on super-royal paper of the best quality, on new and superior type, with an engraved head, containing a vignette,

and accompanied at the close of the volume with an index, and an engraved vignette title-page.

Terms.—Three dollars per annum, payable in advance. When the subscription is not paid in advance, three dollars and fifty cents will be charged in all cases.

No subscription will be received for less than one volume, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

All letters and communications relative to the paper, must be post-paid. CHAS. W. EVEREST,
Utica, Dec. 22, 1832. CHARLES CORBITT.

THE SPIRIT OF WASHINGTON AND LEXINGTON LITERARY JOURNAL, devoted to Domestic and Foreign News, Politics, Education, Popular Improvement, Moral, and General Intelligence, is published in Lexington, Ky. every Tuesday and Friday morning, at \$3 a year in advance, or \$4 at the end of the year.

To Patrons, Agents, and Readers.—The Subscriber is anxious to extend the circulation of this paper at this time. He therefore requests each of his subscribers, if pleased with the manner in which it has thus far been conducted, to consider the past as a small earnest of the future, and to aid him by adding one more to the list of his patrons.

Should the encouragement be extended to his undertaking, which it has been and will be his industrious endeavor to deserve, it is intended to enlarge the size of his sheet, and make such other changes in it, as experience may indicate to be useful, without a departure from the true and original editorial design.

Persons procuring five good subscribers at any place, and forwarding their names by the 1st of March, shall be entitled to a copy gratis.

Lexington, Ky. Jan. 11, 1833. J. CLARKE.

LITERARY INQUIRER.

EDITED BY W. VERRINDER.

BUFFALO, TUESDAY, FEB. 12, 1833.

BUFFALO LYCEUM.—In the present number will be found annexed to each of our reports of the proceedings of this institution, interesting and instructive extracts from the addresses which were given by the respective lecturers. But we take this opportunity of stating to the members of the Lyceum, that although, by particular request, we have inserted a portion of the lecture on *Female Education*, yet it is the only time that we shall publish extracts of a lecture which has appeared in another journal. And we do think, that so long as the Lyceum kindly extends its patronage to the Literary Inquirer, and it is the only paper which furnishes regular and copious reports of its proceedings, the members should at least allow us the privilege of being the first to publish extracts from their lectures. In order that we may not in future be *too late* in our application, we now respectfully solicit those members who are willing that we should insert extracts from their lectures, to leave a copy of their address with the *President or Recording Secretary*, either of whom would, we doubt not, convey it to the office of the Inquirer. We are induced to make this request, from our being personally acquainted with so few of the members.

While we would return our most grateful thanks to the members of the Lyceum, for the patronage and support with

which they have hitherto favored us, we would likewise state, that we intend in our future numbers to print the proceedings of the Lyceum with greater compactness and on our smallest type; by which means we shall be able to publish larger extracts without occupying so much room. We hope also shortly to bestow more attention upon the scientific department; and by making, from time to time, such alterations and improvements as our own experience or the observation of others may suggest, we trust ultimately to render our journal more deserving of the recommendation and support of the Institution by which it is so generously patronized, and under whose auspices it has already attained so much greater distinction than it could otherwise have ever hoped to enjoy.

* * Lecture on Monday evening next, by Mr. Jas. McKay—subject, *Principles of Natural Law*.

TO OUR PATRONS AND FRIENDS.—It is with very great pleasure that we acknowledge the receipt of encouraging and approving letters from subscribers in Buffalo, Mayville, Fredonia, Jamestown, Lockport, Springville, Attica, Cleveland, Rochester, Erie, Westfield, and New-York. We hope ere long to make various improvements in our paper, by which its merits as a literary and scientific journal will be greatly enhanced. We have been, and still are, laboring under difficulties of no ordinary magnitude; but the prospect seems now to be brightening; and if our friends will bear with us a little longer, we can safely promise them a greatly increased supply of interesting original matter, and a better selection of useful articles from the American and Foreign literary periodicals. We have ordered several excellent scientific publications, which, in conjunction with our numerous exchange papers, will, we trust, enable us to present our readers with a more instructive as well as a more varied and interesting sheet.

BOTANY.—The second letter on this useful science, which we have just received from Mr. Gordon, of the *Rochester Nursery*, and which will be found on the twenty-seventh page, contains a full account of the Linnean System, which will, we think, be read with interest and profit by a large portion of our friends.

PREMIUMS.—With a view to encourage the efforts of native genius, a small premium will be given to the writer of the best article for each department of the "Literary Inquirer," which shall be contributed on or before the last day of March next. During the month of April, a committee, chosen from the members of the Buffalo Lyceum, will be requested to award the premiums, and in our first May number the Prize Tale, &c. will be printed.

A Gold Medal, or Twenty Dollars, to the writer of the best Tale, illustrative of some Fact connected with American History; a Gold Medal, or Fifteen Dollars, to the writer of the best Poem on any interesting Historical Subject; a Silver Medal, or Ten Dollars, to the writer of the best Biographical Sketch of some eminent Literary Character; and a Silver Medal, or Five Dollars, to the writer of the best Essay on some Subject connected with Literature or Science. On the Medals, should the successful competitors prefer them to their respective value in cash, will be engraved suitable Inscriptions.

A letter, containing the title of the article and the name and residence of the contributor, should be enclosed, or sent separately, marked on the outside—"Name only." All communications to be addressed, (free of postage) to the Editor of the *Literary Inquirer*, 214, Main-street, Buffalo.

* * Should our Journal meet with that support and encouragement which we confidently anticipate, it is our intention next year to vary the subjects and to double the amount of the Premiums.

Editor with whom we exchange, are requested to give the above a few insertions.

LITERARY NOTICE.

THE ADELPHIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE.—Of this work we received the first number last evening. It is just commenced, and is edited by a committee selected from the members of the Adelphic Society of the University of the city of New-York. The writer of the Introduction states, that he and his colleagues "come before the public with a sincere, an ardent desire of upholding the cause of truth, and advancing, with the little ability they possess, the literature of their country." The first number is a favorable specimen of the talents of the editors and contributors; and we doubt not but the *Adelphic Monthly Magazine* will soon become as popular as any of its literary contemporaries. Terms, Two dollars per annum, payable in advance. No subscription received for less than a year.

POETRY.

From the Amulet for 1833.

THE LUTE.

BY L. E. L.

Oh! sing again that mournful song,
That song of other times!
The music bears my soul along,
To other, dearer climes.

I love its low and broken tone;
The music seems to me
Like the wild wind when singing lone
Over a twilight sea.

It may not sound so sweet to you,
To you it can not bring
The valleys where your childhood grew,
The memories of your spring.

My father's house, my infancy,
Rise present to my mind,
As if I had not crossed the sea,
Or left my youth behind.

I heard it, at the evening's close,
Upon my native shore;
It was a favorite song with those
Whom I shall see no more.

How many worldly thoughts and cares
Have melted at the strain!
'Tis fraught with early hopes and prayers—
Oh, sing that song again!

From the Forget me not.

SONG.

BY H. C. DEAKIN.

They tell me she's no longer fair,
That time has swept aside
The lustre of her youthful brow,
Her beauty's blooming pride:

But, if her heart is still the same,
Still gentle as of yore,
Then is she beautiful to me,
More lovely than before.

They tell me that her cheek is pale
As in the twilight hour,
And that her eye hath lost its light,
Her glance its former power:

But, if her soul is still as chaste,
Still gentleness is there,
Then is her eye to me still bright,
Her cheek to me still fair.

For, oh! 'tis in the shrunken soul
Where beauty truly dwells,
Where virtue lives, and faith exists,
Like pearls in ocean shells.

Give me a feeling, faithful heart;
Perfection's richest prize—
That is the temple of all love,
Where beauty never dies.

TO MY NATIVE VALLEY.

BY N. MICHELL, ESQ.

Vale of my childhood! haunt of raptures o'er!
Must I ne'er tread and ne'er behold thee more?
Still gaze on evening's calm, unconscious star,
Envy the beam that lights thy shades afar!
Oh, I remember, flushed with youth and joy,
When 'mid thy shades I roamed a reckless boy:
Those happy morns still bright to fancy rise,
When, girt by hills, and arched by laughing skies,
With her I loved I sought the dewy mead,
Or tuned to glad her ear the rustic reed,
Or launched my skiff across the dimpling lake,
While birds' glad voices rang from copse and brake.

Those years are fled! yet still, though far away,
Amid thy shades my fancy loves to stray:
Yes, lovely vale! in life's wide waste of ill,
A fount of joy thy memory charms me still;
And time and envious distance but impart
Strength to the bonds that knit thee to my heart.

NONSENSE VERSES.

WRITTEN BY DR. BOWRING, FOR TAIT'S MAGAZINE.

Few are the fragments left of follies past;
For worthless things are transient. Those that last
Have in them germs of an eternal spirit,
And out of good their permanence inherit.
Baseness is mutability's ally;
But the sublime affections never die.

MISCELLANY.

FLORENCE.—Travelers express the opinion that Florence (of which the population is about 120,000) contains, in proportion to that population, more men of taste and refinement than any other city of Europe.

POT LUCK.—A German was invited by an English family to partake of pot luck for dinner. He would eat no roast beef, nor turkey; all the dishes passed him untouched. On being asked the reason of his loss of appetite, he said, "I do not wait for fat excellent pots to look!"

GOETHE AND SCHILLER.—Among the MSS. left by Goethe, are about five hundred letters of a correspondence between him and the illustrious Schiller: this treasure is deposited with the authorities of Weimar.

POTATOE WINE.—A retired French officer at Forges, department of the Meuse, has, it is stated, succeeded in extracting vinous spirit from the potatoe, out of which he can imitate Muscat and other wines.

LOSS AND GAIN.—A man of wit once said, rightly enough, "He who finds a good son-in-law gains a son; he who finds a bad one, loses a daughter."

LEARNED ARMY.—Don Pedro boasts the most learned army in Europe. It speaks all languages.

ANECDOTE OF DR. WOOLASTON.—His chemical skill was of a peculiar description. He loved to analyze infinitesimals. His operations, indeed, had become synonymous with "thimble chemistry," a name it acquired and bore both in England and abroad, arising from the circumstance of his seldom employing more than the minutest particles of matter to work upon. This enabled him to perform most of his labors in a small and insignificant laboratory, which was generally at the back of his lodging or house, where he latter took one. This said laboratory was a *sancum sanctorum*, which none dared to violate by his presence; it was carefully kept from the eye of man, but particularly from that of every fellow-laborer in the chemical art. Richard P.—, a chemist of some merit, and one as eager after the lucrative results of science as Woolaston himself, once called upon him, and, without knowing it, happened to wander into the sacred laboratory, while the servant went to announce his arrival. When the philosopher came down, he appeared evidently chagrined at finding his *keen* visitor in such a situation, and expressed his surprise accordingly; but soon recovering his wonted dry humor, and not waiting for an apology, he took P.— by the arm, turned him towards a particular spot in the laboratory, and thus addressed him: "Mr. P.—, do you see that furnace?" "I do." "Then make a profound bow to it, for this is the first, and will be the last time you will have that pleasure." —*London Weekly Review.*

SUPERSTITION.—The Minorquins never venture to prune a fruit tree, thinking it impious to presume to direct its growth, and amend the works of Providence.

MUSKET PROOF GARMENT.—A musket proof garment is stated to have been invented by two Italians. It is said to be light and flexible.

SINGULAR CALCULATIONS.—Marshal Saxe computed, that in a battle only one ball of 85 takes effect. Others have computed, that only one in 40 strikes, and no more than one in 400 is fatal. At the battle of Tournay, in Flanders, fought on the 22d May, 1794, it is calculated that 236 musket-shot were expended in disabling each soldier that suffered.

PUNCTUALITY.—When General Washington assigned to meet Congress at noon, he never failed to be passing the door of the hall while the clock was striking twelve. Whether his guests were present or not, he always dined at four. Not unfrequently new members of congress, who were invited to dine with him, delayed until dinner was half over; and he would then remark, "Gentlemen, we are punctual here. My cook never asks whether the company have arrived, but whether the hour has." When he visited Boston in 1780, he appointed 8 A. M. as the hour when he should set out for Salem; and while the old south clock was striking 8, he was mounting his horse. The company of cavalry which volunteered to escort him, were parading in Tremont st. after his departure, and it was not until the President reached Charles river bridge that they overtook him. On the arrival of the corps, the President with perfect good nature said, "Major —, I thought you had been too long in my family, not to know when it was 8 o'clock." Capt. Pease, the father of the stage establishment in the U. S. had a beautiful pair of horses which he wished to dispose of to the President, whom he knew to be an excellent judge of horses. The President appointed 5 o'clock in the morning to examine them. But the captain did not arrive with the horses until a quarter after 5, when he was told by the groom that the President was there at 5, and was then fulfilling other engagements. Pease, much mortified, was obliged to wait a week for another opportunity, merely for delaying the first quarter of an hour.

PESTALOZZI.—The following passage of Dr. Biber's confirms our views of Pestalozzi's much-buzzed plan of education: "While Pestalozzi was thus in matters of discipline reduced to the primary motive of all virtue, he learned, in the attempt to instruct his children, the art of returning to the simplest elements of all knowledge. He was entirely unprovided with books, or any other means of instruction; and in the absence of both material and machinery, he could not even have recourse to the pursuits of industry for filling up part of the time. The whole of his school apparatus consisted of himself and his pupils; and he was, therefore, compelled to investigate what means these would afford him for the accomplishment of his end. The result was, that he abstracted entirely from those artificial elements of instruction which are contained in books, and directed his whole attention towards the natural elements, which are deposited in the child's mind. He taught numbers instead of ciphers, living sounds instead of dead characters, deeds of faith & love instead of abstruse creeds, substances instead of shadows, realities instead of signs. He led the intellect of his children to the discovery of truths which, in the nature of things, they could never forget, instead of burdening their memory with the recollection of words which, likewise, in the nature of things, they could never understand. Instead of building up a dead mind and a dead heart, on the ground of the dead letter, he drew forth life to the mind and life to the heart, from the fountain of life within; and thus established a new art of education, in which to follow him requires, on the part of the teacher, not a change of system, but a change of state." The latter part of this sentence is far too fine; and is a specimen of the manner in which people have been mystified concerning poor, dear, miserable, old Pestalozzi, with his simplicity, ignorance, good-will, fanaticism, and absurdity. —*London Spectator.*

THE FARRIER AND THE PHYSICIAN.—Dr. Monsey was once in company with another physician and an eminent farrier. The physician stated, that among the difficulties of his profession was that of discovering the maladies of children, as they could not explain the symptoms of their disorders. "Well," said the farrier, "your difficulties are not greater than mine, for my patients, the horses, are equally unable to explain their complaints." "Ah!" replied the physician, "my brother doctor must conquer me, as he has brought his cavalry against my infantry."

MECHANICS RISING IN THE WORLD.—Hon. Gideon Lee, recently elected Mayor (nearly unanimously) of the great Commercial Emporium (New-York), is a mechanician, and is a tanner by profession. Hon. Chas. Wells, just re-elected Mayor of Boston, with little or no opposition, is a mechanician. It is but a few years since Mr. Gales was Mayor of the city of Washington, which office he held until he voluntarily retired. He is a mechanician—printer—and is the editor of the National Intelligencer. These are but a few instances of the consideration to which mechanics have risen; and let the knowledge of these facts stimulate our brother mechanics to obtain that knowledge which, while it cannot interfere with their laudable mechanical pursuits, may fit them for stations of public trust and honor. —*Mid-Atlantic Sentinel.*

WATER IN THE DESERT OF SUEZ.—Boring for water has been tried in the desert of Suez, by order of the pacha, and has proved eminently successful. At about thirty feet below the surface, the men employed found a stratum of sandstone; where they got through that, an abundant supply of water rose. The water obtained from the surface is usually of an inferior quality; that which has been obtained by boring is soft and pure. Already, in the desert of Suez, a tank capable of holding two thousand cubic feet of water has been made, and several others are in progress.

MIRABEAU A CHARLATAN OF GENIUS.—In 1783, he was engaged in his work on the Order of Cincinnatus, and had in his portfolio plans and sketches of several other works, upon which he took good care to consult every person capable of affording him information. He was then poor, and obliged to live by his writings. He wrote his Considerations on the Escut, from a letter by M. Chauvet, which gave him the first idea of the work. Having become acquainted with a geographer, whose name I forget, he also meditated writing a universal geography. Had any one offered him the elements of Chinese grammar, he would, no doubt, have attempted a treatise on the Chinese language. He studied the subject while he was writing upon it; and he required only an assistant who furnished matter. He could contrive to get notes and additions from twenty different hands; and had he been offered a good price, I am confident he would have undertaken to write even an encyclopedia. —*Dumont's Mirabeau.*

The LITERARY INQUIRER is published every other Tuesday, under the patronage of the Buffalo Lyceum, at *One Dollar and a Half* per annum, if paid in advance; or *Tico Dollars* per annum, if paid at the end of the year.

PREMIUM FOR SUBSCRIBERS.—Every person obtaining six Subscribers, and forwarding Nine Dollars, shall receive a seventh copy gratis.

Orders and Communications to be addressed (post-paid) to the Proprietor, W. Verrinder, 214, Main-street Buffalo.